# STURDIVANT

## BANK

ESTABLISHED 1866

CAPITAL SURPLUS

\$100,000,00 25,000.00

#### Oldest Bank in Southeast Missouri

having large capital, exceptional strengthand established facilities, solicits your patronage with confidence in its ability to extend every accommodation for business consistent with sound banking methods.

.. OFFICERS ..

L. J. ALBERT, President R. B. OLIVER, Vice-Pres. H. L. MACHEN, Cashier J. F. LALLY, Asst. Cashler

Clay Fields and Dudley Mc-Charles Stout, who was held up ball temm. and robbed, were turned loose,

The graduating exercises of the Lincoln school were held in court house last Friday night. Nine students graduated.

Ben Vinvard, the real estate nman, transacted business in Stoddard county last week.

Mrs. Otto Kochtitzky and daughter, Miss Mary and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Byrd, left last week this great female remedyfor Europe.

Rev: A. M. Ross returned home last Saturday from Jacksonville, Fla., where he had has brought relief to thousands of been attending the Southern Baptist convention.

J. H. Schonoff of Advance received a fine touring car off the steamer Cape Girardeau last Saturday. He drove to his Advance home in the afternoon.

Several of our citizens attended the Drummers' meet at Dexter last week.

Miss Alma Schrader chaperened a party of young folks to Commerce last Saturday on the steamer Cape Girardeau.

Otto Kiehne, who has been attending school here, went to his home at Gordonville Saturday, to spend the summer months.

Nick LaCroix, the pool room man on Main street, won the mers' meet in Dexter last week.

This city was chosen by the Missouri Grand Commandry Knights Templar as their meeting place for May 1912. Three thought concerning the beautiful delegates from this city attend- young woman who had saved him ed their meeting at Excelsion Springs last week.

Editor Gardner of the Stoddard County Republican came up self to make any serious advances to from Bloomfield last Tuesday to ward her. She had been attracted by hear Governor Hadley speak.

ville was in the city Tuesday.

in the city Tuesday.

boat excursion given by the Eiks happen, and some one would possibly Tuesday night.

Jackson high school, visited in course with the banker's daughter this city last Sunday,

The Cape Tigers went out to Lain, who were held by the po- Three-Mile creek last Sunday and lice as suspects in the case of trounced the Jungle boys base

> Judge Rudolph Bahn is reported seriously ill.

Thellittle daughter of Vincent Dunker fell off the porch Thursday and broke her arm.

## We Ask You

to take Cardul, for your female troubles, because we are sure it will help you. Remember that

other sick women, so why not to you? For headache, backache, periodical pains, female weakbest medicine to take." Try it! Sold in This City

CHICHESTER'S PILLS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

## "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

CHAPTER XL TIMMY VALENTINE entered his private office from the room where the new vault had been erected. He saw Rose Lane smoking contest at the drum- standing close to his desk, where Bobby was presiding with all the dignity that went with his age. The girl's eyes met his, but only for an instant. Valentine lowered his gaze to the floor, his thoughts whirling rapidly through

> True, at one time he had had serious from Sing Sing, from Warden Handler and the warden's favorite pastime of

'solitaire.' But of late he had come to realize that he would be doing her a lasting wrong, a vital injustice, to permit himhim. She was now even more interested in him. He was observing enough to learn this. As for his own Tom Simpson of Caruthers- emotions toward her? He loved her That no one would deny who saw him in her company. He could not conceal it. Even the infantile Bobby had Mr. Kuellmer of Jackson was guessed what he had endeavored to make his secret. Yet he had realized plainly the uncertainty of his position. At any moment the unexpected might About 300 people enjoyed the happen, or, rather, the expected might uncover and reveal phases of his past that he would be unable to explain. Such had been the guiding thought of Miss Phillips, principal of the Jimmy Valentine in his social interduring his tenure as assistant cashler

in the bank in Springfield, and now he

stronger over the wis disa for the ourse. Doyle-Doyle, the mienflers tracker of men-had threat ened to 'get' him, and Doyle was al-Ways on mornt to be reckoned with

Attlemais made years nover underestimated the detectives ability nor his tenacity of purposa. While he, Valentine, had taken precautions which he firmly considered would prevent Doyle from getting a hold on him aguin, yet, after all, it was by no means definitely assured that he would not defeat the ex-convict in his ambi-Hon to live "on the square," therefore Valentine must under no circum-Hance make any serious advances to-



VALUNTINE SERT THE LAD AWAY. ward Rose Lane. The burden of mis-

ery that might descend upon him

would only be given greater weight.

Valentine desired to talk alone with Rose Lane, and after a lengthy conversation, punctuated by lavish promises of hunting trips, sent the lad away to play with Kitty in the new vault, which for their purpose became a smuggler's cave.

The assistant cashler stepped forward toward Rose, who stood close to his desk, resting her sable muff on its polished top. "To what am I indebted for this

pleasure?" he asked of her.
"Yourself." She smiled graciously

on him as she spoke. Valentine drew near to her. "How?"

"Don't you suppose I like you as well as do the children?" she answered gayly. "Do you?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, but why is it that you never do call on me any more?" she questioned reproachfully. "Well-because"- he became very uncomfortable. She must never know

the true reason for his avoidance of "Do you think it's fair to use a woman's weapon against her? You know it's a woman's birthright to say 'be-

cause' when she'-"What?"

"Oh-ah-what were we talking

"As to why you don't call on me Valentine struggled to think of a successful mode of escape from an-

swering the question. "Well, now-don't you see." he stammered. "Of course you do." He was munications from one "Mr. Cronin." becoming more involved every moment.

The girl's smile began to fade. Rather grimly she interrupted him. "No, I don't see at all," was her announcement. She moved away from the desk. "Well, Miss Lane, I"-

The telephone bell rang at his desk. He bent forward and put the receiver to his ear. As he bung up the recelver a clerk entered.

"Will you have the cush now?" the employee asked.

"In a few minutes." No sooner had the clerk made his exit when a messenger boy entered. bearing a telegram. Valentine tore it open, apologizing to Rose as he did The girl saw that the assistant cashler was very busy. She determined to leave him for the present. As Valentine dismissed the boy she

announced that if the press of business would not continue all day she would return. Valentine assured her that in a half hour he would be at leisure and that he would sacrifice everything else in order to talk to ber. She started toward the door, assuring him that she would return. As she opened the door she turned and cast a smile in the direction of the assistant cashier.

But Valentine did not notice it. He dld not see it. His eyes were gined to the slip of yellow paper that he held in his hand. The girl saw that as he rend the telegram an expression of tenseness, of unsubdued excitement, crept across his face. Wonderingly she softly closed the door. A few steps carried her before Valentine, who looked up in surprise, thinking she had gone

"That Is It-that telegram?" she gusped. "It's bad news for you-very bad," she went ou. "I must know,"

Valentine, undergoing a pronounced shock owing to the contents of the message which he held in his hand. was almost completely unstrung by the interruption of the girl he loved. Was it not fate that prompted her to appear before him at the very mement when-

"Oh, it is nothing." he said weakly. "Merely a little business tangle-that in all."

He stepped out from behind his

Almat Head CALDERY IS

Lucinome a sug-rised and therighty againsed by his nervous manuse Hose Lane went out of the office. under the dreumstances, closed the or related her. He crossed to her Har, such fuld II and flattened the read it from end to emi:

aloss an important matter."

I; at the opposite wall.

"Loyle," he unittered - "George

Valentine leaned back meditarively to his chair. The fatal telegram dropet determinedly. A new fire blazed man's capin his eyes, the fire that had consumed him and had spurred bim on when in the days and nights of the past be had ventured forth on a desperate enter-

He would give George Doyle a race. that he would. He would match his wit against that of the skilled sleuth. He already had laid the basis for what now must be his course of procedure,

Vatentine leaned forward and presssistant cashier hesitated a moment, then spoke quickly.

"Tell the watchman to come here,"

The clerk nodded and went out in search of Red Flanagan-yes, Red, ed. none other than the one time accomlatter, true to his word, had taken didn't it?" with him in his attempt to "go it straight."

Flanagan must be told of the coming of Doyle, who was his sworn enemy also. In addition, Red would have you? assist the assistant cashler, now known as Mr. Bandall, in the maneuver which the latter was about to execute.

Then there was Avery-old Bill Avery. From the day that Valentine had sent him away from the hotel in see he's not sure of me? But if I ran Albany Avery had been making heroic efforts to live "on the square."

The three years that had elapsed since No. 1280 bnd advanced Avery; long a "yeggman" of the most desperhad made a revolutionary transforma- his hat nervously. tion in him. Today be was married, had a growing business and had performed for Valentine a service that won't see you." was to render the vengeful efforts of George Dayle much more difficult and testive would relish should be ever my? fearn the truth.

Avery had been in communication off in his excitement into using his old with Valentine on various occusions in name. a secret manner. So carefully concealed, in fact, had been his moves that Red!" he said reminiscently, but even Red Flanagua had obtained the slightest knowledge of them.

True. Red was aware that Valentine had received various puzzling com- any chance use it before Doyle, bebut how was Red to know that Mr Cronin was Bill Avery unless the assistant cashier was pleased so to inform him, which he was not?

At first Valentine had had the belief that some friend was responsible for the sending of the warning telegram,



'I WILL DEMEMBER."

but now that he more calmly con sidered the matter be dismissed that thought. Another idea fixed itself in his brain, which would cause him to govern his actions accordingly in the face of the danger that he wisely acknowledged to himself to be vitally alarming. At any cost he must prevent Doyle from turning Rose Lane and her father against him. They had trusted bim-they alone-in the first instance. and so it would be wit against wit to defeat Doyle and, if need be, life against life.

The minutes passed. What could be the matter with the clerk or with Red? Had the watchman, too, recelved a warning? And if so had be followed the impulse that had first come to Jimmy Valentine, to flee-the time honored resource of the crook. the time honored confession of the crook, flight? No; Red would not desert Jimmy Valentine in an emergone r. like this for-

A voice was heard outside in the vault room: "All right, Kitty, 174

il telegram blay some the said, of was the volte of field Planakin to have come with you in a drissed to the little gard, whole he daily gave "pargylinen" rules, at the Who is her daily hazard of his situation.

before the modstant cushler. But not even his old mother, if she had been Veletitine sicilitiz as nest he could alive, would have recognized him. Hole as red as ever it was, eyes as how fill Avery, after he had said blue and stalle equally as innocent as that which had missed balf a dozen terminated to extram before him. Again special sessions in years gobe, get the figure that appeared was, and at the Linds our he rentl. Dayle will be same flue it was not, that of Red die in St. Louis and employed men man this afternoon at 4 to see you Figurean, whose photograph adorned

The assistant eachier dropped his the uniform—that was it. The bire clin into his pairs and stared vacante gray coat and trousers, loosely fitted. and the peaked cap, bearing in gold Physic. He said he'd get me if it took causes of his transformation, so far letters "Watchman." were the actual len years—a lifetime. Well, perhaps as outward indications were concernhis can; then, again, perhaps he can ed. As for the inward changes these not. At any rate, he can probably ruln quite bidden from the human eyemy career, my hopes, my standing here, well, there were but two persons who where I have friends who believe in could describe how they had come shout. Those two persons were Red Flanagan and Jimmy Valentine.

Red stood before the assistant cashped unbeeded to the floor. His mouth jer and doffed his imposing watch-

"Want me, Bandall?" he asked. "Yes." He looked away from Red. unwilling to break to him the news that Doyle was on their track.

CHAPTER XII.

EE," went on Red enthusiastically, not appreciating the reason for Valentine's and he believed that it would with-stand even the cunning and force of ty is a great kid! Ain't it funny how George Doyle. At any rate, he could a kid like that will get hold of a tough old tramp like me?"

"Nice child," commented Valentine. ed a button. A clerk entered. The as- He picked up the telegram and handed it to Red.

"Red, read that," he said dully, as though discouraged. The other read in allence

"Doyle! Good heaven!" he suclaim-"Doyle," sald Valentine. "It took plice of Jimmy Valentine, whom the him quite a while to uncover us.

"But he's finally done it-got your name and everything."

"Did you notice it wasn't signed?" Who do you suppose tipped

"Doyle," was Valentine's amazing "Doyle!" cried Red, starting aback.

The assistant cashler bent toward the watchman. "Doyle sent that, Red. Don't you

away from the bank when that telegram came out of town for the afternoon-he'd know be had me.' "Never thought. I'd have ducked." commented Red. "And now he'll turn

ate type, the price of a railroad ticket, me up too. I'm going." He fingered "You're not. He don't want you, and if you stay where you belong he

Red nodded his head decisively. "Til stay closer to the bank than an

somewhat less effective than the de- emigrant to his tag. And you, Jim-Valentine smiled as the other lapsed

> "'Jimmy!' How natural that sounds "Excuse me. 1 meant 'Mr. Ran-

> dail," protestingly. "No; it's all right, only don't by cause I'm going to alibi Doyle unti-

> he'll think he's lost his eyesight." "Allbi?" repeated Red curiously "I've heard o' that before." "Allbi that's it, Red," replied Valentine. And he continued rapidly "You haven't forgotten the one great-

est refuge of the crook, have you-

our old friend the alibi? Something which proves you were not where you were when something happened. was never Jimmy Valentine, Red. was never in Sing Sing. I've been straight all my life and can prove it. I've been waiting for Mr. Doyle near ly three years, and I've got him bent. never did that job in Springfield, Massachusetts. I was never there in my life. And if I've got to use the crook's tools to beat it I'm justified I'm living straight and I'm going to: and all the gods are with me. Red." He took a scrapbook from a drawer and opened it. "Look at that. For five years you will find clippings of Lee Randall when he lived in St. Paul. That man was my cousin. He went to Alaska and never came back, My name is also Lee Randall, and I defy

Doyle to prove he ever saw me.' Valentine, out of breath owing to the long speech be had delivered at top speed, leaned back and gazed triumphantly at Planagan. The latter stared amazedly at the assistant cashier, trying to guess as to whether or not be was telling the truth. Well. there was a scrapbook. That would afford ready means of proving Valentine's words. Red picked up the book and swiftly skimmed the pages. His attention was held by one of the clippings. He read aloud

"St. Paul News, March 12, 1906,-The speaker of the evening was Mr. Lee Randall. His subject was"-

"Look at that other one," interrupt ed Valentine, pointing. "See how they join up with the day I came here. And Avery has sent me something that will make Mr. Doyle's eyes blink like an owt."

Red laughed grimly. The telephone bell mug. "Avery! Did you say Avery?" asked Hed.

"You." picking up the receiver Then to the operator: "Yes, rend Mr. Cronin right in. There's a friend of his here who wants to see him." He tooked significantly across at Red.

"Tm the only one have in the room except you, and I could want to see any 'Mr. Croulu.' Don't know him.

"Mr. Cronin," responded Valentice. The door awang open, and Red stood | "Is the man who is going to save you and me from going buch to state pris-

Valentine went on to recount to Red goodby to his "pais" in Albany, had gone to the middle west and eventually married a sedate widow of middle age, whose son was no expert photographer, one who operated a large strawho specialized in covering important events for the newspapers and maga-

"Avery!" ejaculated Red. "Avery working absolutely on the square?" "Yes, that's the truth, the awful truth," laughed Valentine whimsleally. "But you say Bill-Bill Avery is

married?" asked Ited, completely overcome at the suggestion. "Yes, it's all true, and Bill has proved a true friend to me-to us." answered Valentine.

"And he's really happy?" went on Red doubtingly. "Him as always had a stable of filles spendin' his coin. He's bappy with one wife?" The assistant cashier gave vent to a burst of gayety at the astonishment of the watchman, who probably would

have understood the process of refor-

mation in any one but Bill Avery. But a few minutes elapsed after Valentine answered the telephone call before the door opened, and in came a man whose Iron gray hair curied beneath the rim of his high allk hat. Glaringly bright yellow kid gloves adorned his bands. His frock cost, of the latest make, was a bit worn on the edges, and it was for that reason that the secondhand dealer had made

a reduction in price to Mr. Crouin. The newcomer laid a handsome gold bended indian bamboo walking stick across a chair, took off his gioves and faced Valentine and Red.

"Mr. Randall?" he said. "Yes, Mr. Cronin." "Cronin be blowed," cried Red, starting forward. "It's Bill Avery. How about you, old pal?"

Avery, pleased at the enthusiastic welcome and at the sight of both of his old friends, shook hands with each. Then he drew back and looked from one to the other. "Think of us



"MR. CHONEN" PACED VALENTING AND RED

three bein' left alone together like this in a real bank," he said significantly, and his two bearers could not restrain laughter at the thought of what the circumstances would have meant to them in days now put behind them.

"Did you get the picture?" asked Avery of Valentine. "You told me to send it, but I wanted to see you. That double negative is a wonder." Valentine looked understandingly at hlm. He rose from his chair, picked

up the telegram from his desk and extended it to Avery. "Yes; it's all right," he said. "And it came just in time. Today is the day I'll need it," pointing to the tele-

gram. "Read that!" Avery read the message. The pallor of unnerving fear came upon him. His head dropped forward and he glanced apprehensively about him. His hand trembled as he laid the paper on the deak. He sank hopelessiy into a chair. "Doyle," the old man choked-"Doyle! He said he'd slough me, and now he'll do it-or else he'll make me pay blackmail. You never can tell how much a copper wants for

keepin' quiet." "Oh, don't get blue," encouraged Valentine. "He doesn't want you fellows. It's me that he is after." examined a large photograph which Avery had sent him. It showed the tables and guests at a large banquet in a luxuriously appointed restaurant. "Yes, I think this saves me," he remarked. He held it before Red. asking, "What's this?"

"Fiashlight of a banquet." "Who is this on the right of the toastmaster?" pointing at a face in the picture. "You."

"Pipe the date," went on the assistant cashler, "Feb. 9, 1900. Do 399 remember where I was on that date?" He gazed curiously at Red. Avery watched the proceeding with rare is-

The watchman became thoughtful. At last a puzzled wrinkle marked his "Why-why-you-were-in furehend. Sing Sing-prison on that date." Planagan glanced around the room. he replied confusedly.